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ranged is that known by the name of "Niblo's Garden," a title which, to English ears, is suggestive of a second rate theatre, used as an additional attraction to the garden in which it is placed. Such an idea, however, in this case would be utterly erroneous, as Niblo's Garden is built within the walls of the Metropolitan Hotel, and owes its existence solely to its dramatic capabilities, and nothing to its garden, which is merely a small and insignificant adjunct to the theatre. Part and parcel of the "Metropolitan," it has, from either side of its large and handsome entrance, a side-way into the hotel, which serves as a convenience and attraction to the number of visitors living round and over the theatre, and also helps to brighten the entrance and make it more attractive to passers by. The chief peculiarity in the construction of this theatre is the arrangement or position of the lower circle, which the visitor reaches immediately on emerging from the outer hall, and which gives the theatre an appearance more foreign to our accustomed notions than any other in New York, at the same time excelling them in convenience. Imagine the dress circle of a theatre lowered bodily down from its height above, placed at the upper end of a slope which falls away to the orchestra, and divided by a number of passages running longitudinally through the circle, doors corresponding to these passages, with an antechamber running all round, having sofas placed at intervals against the walls, and some idea of the novelty referred to will thus be gained. The advantage derived, playgoers can measure for themselves by reflecting whether they prefer the pit-boxes at Covent Garden to others still higher; but the facility afforded for leaving and returning to one's seat by means of the dividing alleys and easy exit, would be thoroughly appreciated by every one in England if managers would only be good enough to arrange their theatres on this plan. However late a visitor may arrive at this house, he can reach his seat with comparative ease, and avoidance of that torture which a man inflicts upon himself by squeezing past a long row of people, whose ill-concealed looks of annoyance he is obliged to meet with a painful smile of apology, knowing that he is regarded with feelings akin to those that would be entertained for a wet dog. Once seated in London, he is more or less fixed for the evening, and is compelled to occupy his time in the intervals between the acts, by studying the heads of his neighbors and wondering whether there is any one in the house whom he knows.

In a New York theatre there may be, and often is, a stampede for refreshments; couples run a few yards along the Broadway to the nearest restaurant, or into the refreshment saloon of the theatre, and allowing themselves half a minute to get from thence into their places, are comfortably seated when the curtain rises. Perhaps this difference in the construction of the theatres in the two countries may necessitate the number of private boxes in England, and account for their paucity in America, for with the exception of the French Theatre, the proscenium boxes are usually the only ones to be seen in New York. At Niblo's the other arrangements of the theatre are similar to those at Wallack's; and indeed at all the leading houses, the front half of the area being devoted to "orchestra chairs," the rear-most portion to the parquet. Down the centre of both runs a passage, like the old fop's alley

of Her Majesty's Theatre, a convenience that was sacrificed to the desire of utilizing, in a pecuniary point of view, the space thus left open. Above the parquet circle are placed the balcony and family circle, differing more in name and position than in real comfort.

"ON MUSIC."

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR MATTHISON, ESQ.

Where'er throughout this mundane sphere,
With dulcet tone, fair music lifts her voice,
As by enchantment, from the human heart,
She bears away its pangs;
Celestial attributes she owns,
And unto man, with heavenly sounds,
Recalls his immortality!
Thoughts born of earth no more oppress his heart;
O'er his rapt soul she pours the oblivious wave;
His sorrows melt, and in his wounds, with grace divine,
She sheds a pure and holy balm!

From the German of Schiller.

Oh, harmony! the Gods' dear gift to man,
How thrills my soul at thy supreme command!
How to my heart thy liquid numbers speed;
Thy many tongues of beauty speak,
And sweet discourses make of joy celestial!

Spread thy resplendent wings,
Bright child of Heaven!
Float through the listening air,
And, with benignant voice,
Breathe thy rich blessings o'er the longing Earth!

Children of Earth! hear ye the song divine,
And grateful thank all-bounteous Heaven
Who gives ye music!

From the Italian of Montelli.

Music! 'tis a generous wine!
As its sweet waves flow in our veins
Our hearts more lightly bound,
And our eyes shine the brighter!
Like healing balm it softens our griefs;
It exalteth the courage of heroes,
And giveth to love its conquering language!
'Tis music that bears us from Earth
To the broad clear fields of blue Æther;
Or, like lotus, soft blooming from out the deep waters,
It expands into beautiful dreams.

From the French of Auguste Barbier.

A Liverpool paper publishes the "Complaint of the Parish Clerk of St. Vitus against Ritualism," in which the worthy individual gives vent to the following doggrel lines as to the musical part of the subject:

"And the music, it's altered, I can't tell you how,
But the old Psalms o' David we never see now;
They've got some new Hymns, with some very queer words,
And they twitter and pipe like a parcel of birds.
They tell me it's grand, and I shouldn't complain,
But I long for the old Psalms o' David again;
Or else for our godly and Protestant lays—
Not those dreadful quick chants of these Ritchelist ways."

[From Carl von Hottel's *Charpie*.]

REMINISCENCES OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

[CONCLUDED.]

It was in the gentle autumnal sunshine that I met on the Dresden Terrace a fair and popular singer with her husband. I had made their acquaintance some months previously in Silesia, and they were now staying for a short time in Dresden, on their return from a long professional tour. We immediately arranged to meet that same night at Chiapone's Cellar; we agreed to go there after the play to have macaroni and oysters. As soon as this weighty business was arranged, we walked on chatting with each other. I described the recent enthusiasm in the theatre, Weber's reception, and my own delight. My fair companion heard all I had to say, but made no observation. In the evening, as I was waiting beneath the cosy arched roof which had looked down upon so many merry artistic meetings that it had obtained a classical reputation—as I was discussing with friend Chiapone the details of the little banquet, and standing in readiness to receive my guests—the door opened, and the Master hobbled in, arm in arm with the lovely creature who had made so glorious a creation of his Agatha, and was so fond of appearing in the part. "I have invited myself," he said, "I, also, belong, so to speak, to the gang."

That was indeed a night! Thirty-one years have since elapsed, but, if I could only spend it over again, I should be, I believe, again young. There were six or seven of us. Ludwig Robert, with his Juno-like wife, was also in Dresden. I should be telling the most atrocious falsehood were I to assert that the conversation was long maintained at the pitch which learned, intellectual, moral, and wise persons set up as the acme of well-bred social dignity. This was not Weber's kind of conversation. He could be serious enough, if necessary, but at the proper season for giving way to mirth, for joking merrily and without restraint, he abandoned himself fully to the impulse of the moment; he became childlike, and his pleasing example exercised a magic effect upon any one with a grain of humor in his composition who happened to sit near him. Of the humorous nonsense he could speak himself, and make his neighbors speak, fine, shoulder-shrugging orators, phrase-makers, and liquorice-tongued talkers, have not the slightest notion; and it is quite correct that they should not have.

Weber was one of those few musicians with whom scientific education, varied aspirations, and preponderating intelligence do not injure the creative flow of original melody, or impose any learned restraint upon natural talent. He was one of those rare beings who, in the intercourse of friendship, in the mutual interchange of opinions and views, in no way show off their intellectual superiority, but, with amiable good humor and gentleness, take care that every one near them shall have an opportunity of exhibiting his own little light. Suggestive, attentive, and entertaining, Weber guided his opponent, if any dispute arose in the course of the conversation, to the point whence menacing dispute could be led easily and aptly into the sphere of jocularly, and, through the latter, to a peaceful conclusion. There was but one subject which formed an exception. In one matter alone was the great man little; the name of one person only was able